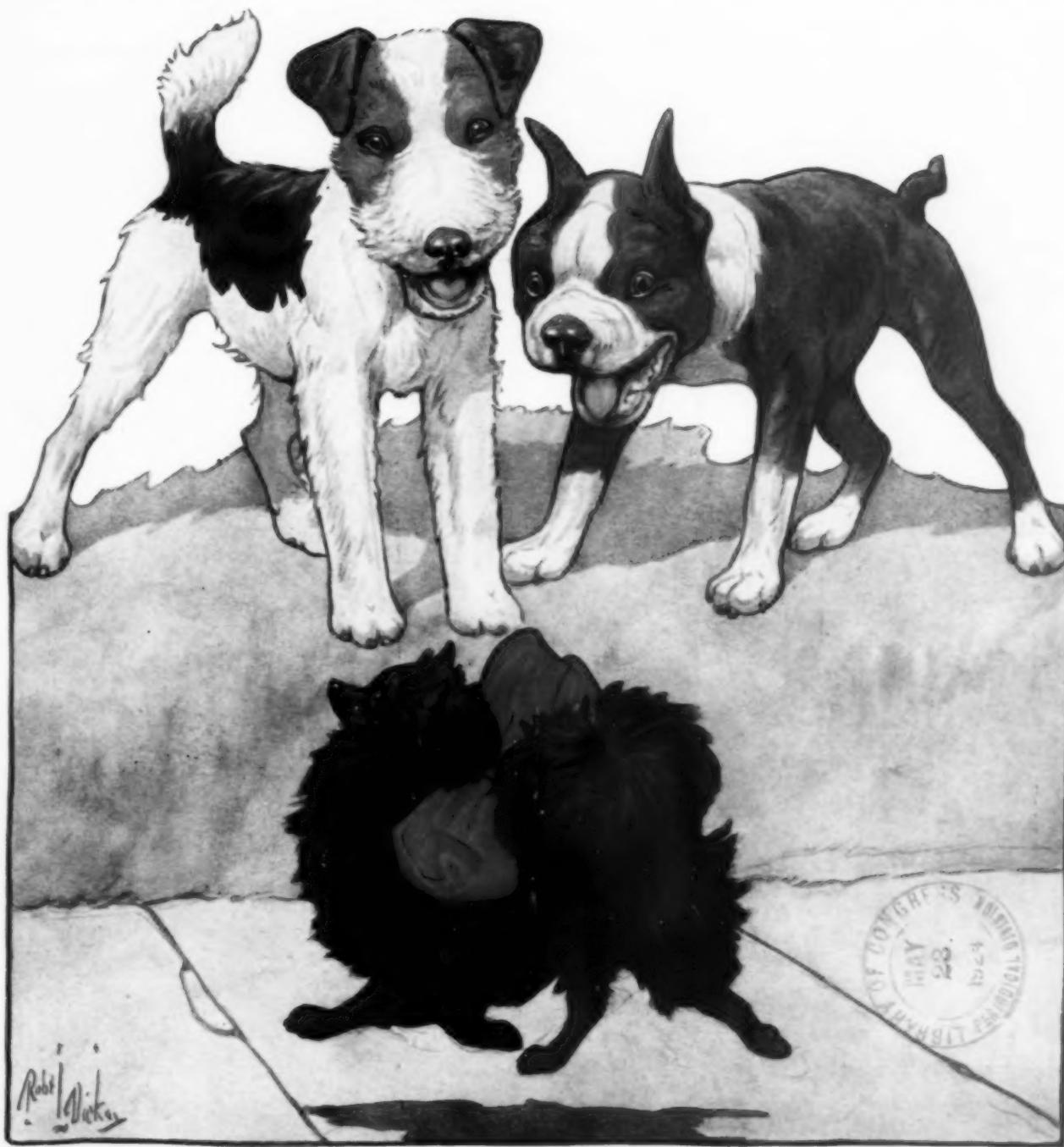


Life

MAY 22, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



“Oh, You Sissy!”

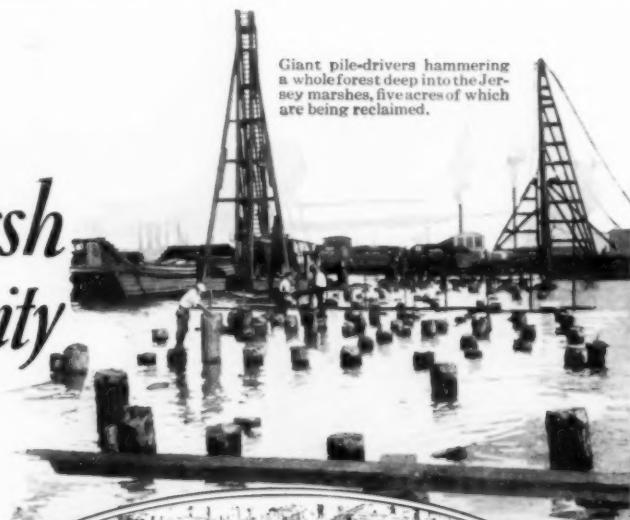
How your voice is turning a marsh into an industrial city

YESTERDAY a marsh, today a center of building activity, tomorrow the second largest telephone factory in the world*—such is the change which Western Electric is bringing about in New Jersey's great industrial area between Newark and Jersey City.

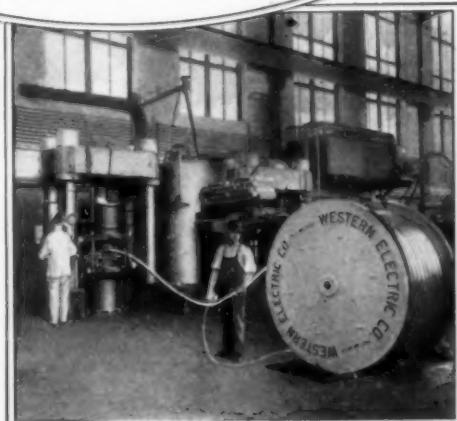
Springing into being at the call of your voice! So that you can talk near and far, your needs for more and more telephones and cable and equipment have given rise to this great expansion.

Since 1877 Western Electric has been alert to serve the requirements of the country for telephones. We will now be ready for even greater developments to come.

*The largest is the
Western Electric
Works in Chicago



The great
Works now build-
ing, as it will look when
completed. A part of
this plant is scheduled
to be in production be-
fore the close of 1924.



10,000 miles of telephone
cable a year! Such was the
output of the Hawthorne
Works in 1923. Our new
shops will help produce still
greater mileage.

As building progresses, men
and women by the thousands—
in truth a cityful as at Hawthorne—
will be busily employed
here making telephone equipment.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Plaint of the Old Concert Goer

Oh, Lord! (Business of sighing.)
If I were a violinist, I would never play *Humoresque*.

If I were a 'cellist, I would never play *Träumerei* or Rubinstein's Romance.

If I were a coloratura, I would never sing the Mad Song from "Lucia."

If I were a contralto, I would never do "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice."

If I were a tenor, I would never sing *Céleste Aida*.

If I were a baritone, I would never do the Prologue from "Pagliacci," the *Largo al Factotum* or the *Eri Tu*.

If I were a basso, I would never imitate Chaliapin's version of the Volga Boat Song.

If I were a pianist, I would never play the Twelfth Rhapsody.

If I were a symphony orchestra, I would never perform the Schubert Unfinished.

If I were a band, I would never, never perpetrate the Poet and Peasant Overture, the Sextette from "Lucia" or the Quartette from "Rigoletto."

I should probably starve!

H. J. M.

For a Bright Child

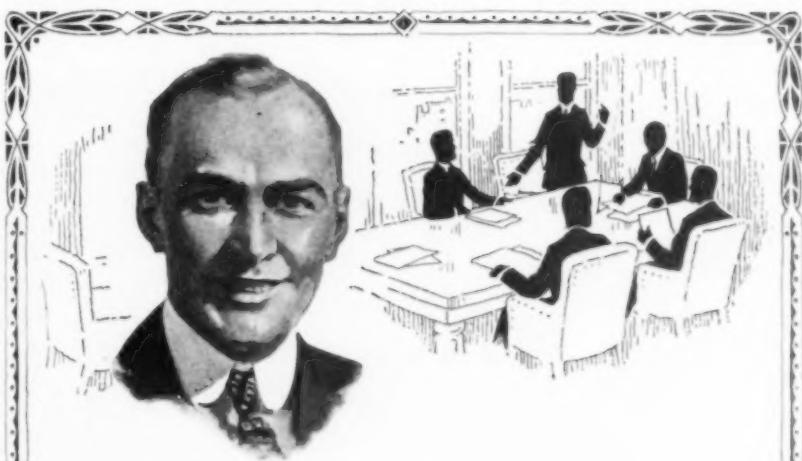
If there should visit at your house A guest who, lacking any "nous," Addresses you as "Little Man," And thinks he's a comedian; If in his crimes he perseveres Until you're bored almost to tears, Go to his room while he's away And "apple-pie" his bed; repay His silly efforts to amuse By pouring water in his shoes.

You may be spanked,—it's worth it, though;
And possibly the guest will go.

G. K. D.



Aunt Emma (watching acrobats' turn): DEAR ME, I DON'T THINK I'LL BUY A RADIO SET AFTER ALL—THAT HEAD-PHONE LOOKS SO INCONVENIENT.
—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).



Who Wins? the Man with a 1-2-3-4 *Boncilla Facial*

"Votes for men" are always cast for the fellows who look the part—the chaps who advertise their vigorous spirits by down-deep, clean, lineless, full o'health faces.

How do they get that way? 'Tis simple. Their faces are as frequently *cleaned and pressed* as their clothes. And the barber is their face tailor.

A Boncilla Facial once a week does the trick. (You'd better have *two per* during the first month.) You can escape that dusty, baggy, frayed appearance that automatically puts you in the second or third-best class.

Here's Your Self-Starter

Boncilla makes you a winner by thoroughly cleansing the skin to its innermost depths, stimulating the blood circulation and building up the tissues and muscles. But remember, it must be a 1-2-3-4 job. Oh man, then it's great.

First, the Boncilla Pack. Then the Cold Cream. Next, Vanishing Cream. Finally, Boncilla Powder. To miss any one of the *magic four* is to miss part of the kick in this real facial.

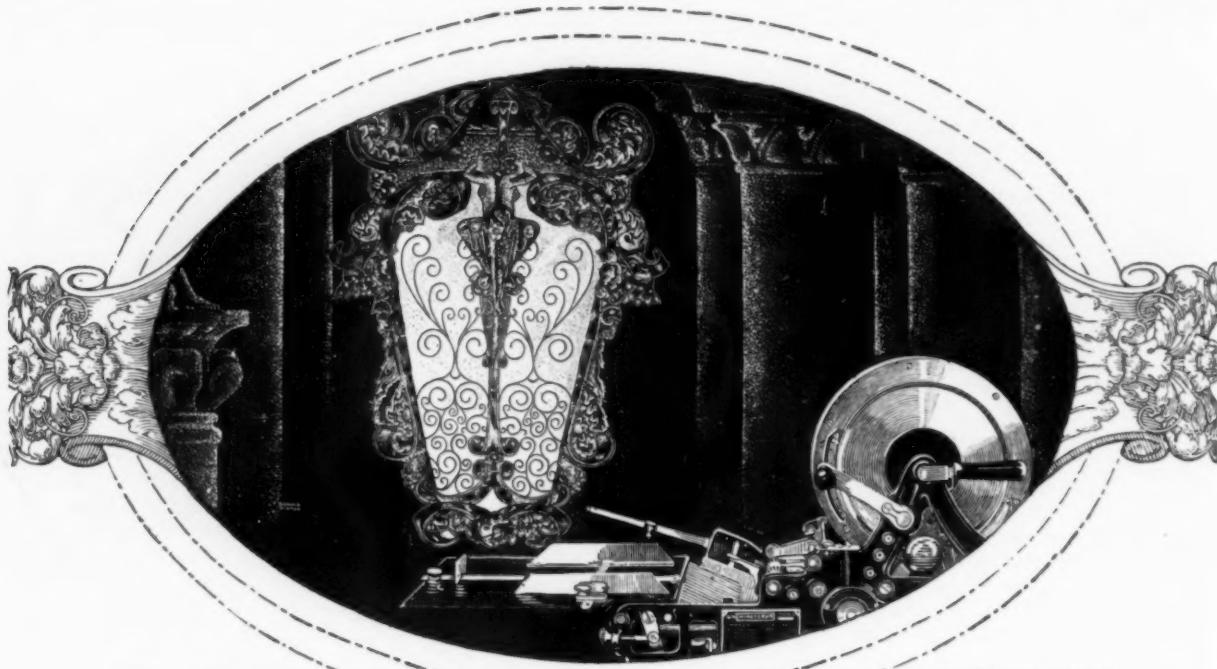
When you've finished, pull the cork from your generosity supply and take "her" a complete Boncilla Set. The No. 37 Ideal Set is the ideal gift, or the Pack-O-Beauty, at 50c., is a sure-fire hit. Get 'em at toilet goods counters.

You can't go wrong, for here's your insurance: The Boncilla Method is guaranteed to do these seven definite things, or your money refunded:

- 1—Clear the complexion and give it color.
- 2—Cleanse and close enlarged pores.
- 3—Eliminate excess oiliness.
- 4—Remove blackheads and pimples.
- 5—Lift out the lines.
- 6—Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles.
- 7—Make the skin soft and smooth.



Boncilla
Laboratories
Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian Boncilla
Laboratories, Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.



A brilliant light in thousands of dark places, the Mimeograph is quickly solving great problems.

One manufacturer needed to get to his trade, several times each month, private and up-to-the-minute information concerning changes in his designs. Illustrations were necessary. But regular printing costs were prohibitive, the process too slow and subject to "leakage."

The Mimeograph quickly solved that problem—and saved many thousands of dollars yearly.

An educator had long wanted to make use of an improved method for conducting monthly tests. But the important new work could not be done until—

The Mimeograph quickly solved that problem—and put new life and range into the entire system. Good work—great work—of that kind the Mimeograph is

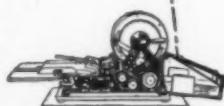
doing in unnumbered thousands of places today.

Its outstanding distinction is that it saves money—and time. But it also is the initial factor in many new kinds of important forward work.

Five thousand well printed copies of letters, bulletins, drawings, forms, etc., make up its regular hourly grist. Designs and typewriting it reproduces on the same sheet in one simple operation.

Private, economical duplication—done at great speed.

Let us show you how the Mimeograph may eliminate some of the dark places in your daily work. Send a request to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for free booklet "W-5" today.



Life

THE city of Cleveland is determined to rid itself of undesirables before the Republican Convention. This should leave the field wide open to the visiting delegates.

JL

Being a bobbed-haired bandit has its advantages. You don't forfeit your professional standing when you write for the newspapers.

JL

George Harvey will resume his editorial duties in June—but the Democratic Party has not as yet announced its retirement from the presidential campaign.

JL

The official Egyptian attitude on the mummy situation seems to be one of laissez Pharaoh.

JL

Californians are protesting because William G. McAdoo claims to be a native son of their state. Why, say they, he wasn't even born in Iowa.

The sleeping sickness has invaded England. Waiting for the Prince of Wales to grow up is a bit fatiguing.



The Senator: IN OUR DEALINGS WITH THE JAPANESE PROBLEM, YOU MAY COUNT ON US TO KEEP A LEVEL HEAD.

The news that the Senate will broadcast its sessions has played havoc with the sale of radio instruments.

Experts have testified that the New York Telephone Company illegally added the sum of \$1,590,000 to its depreciation account.

They're always handing the public the wrong number.

JL

In a recent speech, Admiral von Tirpitz asserted that might still comes before right.

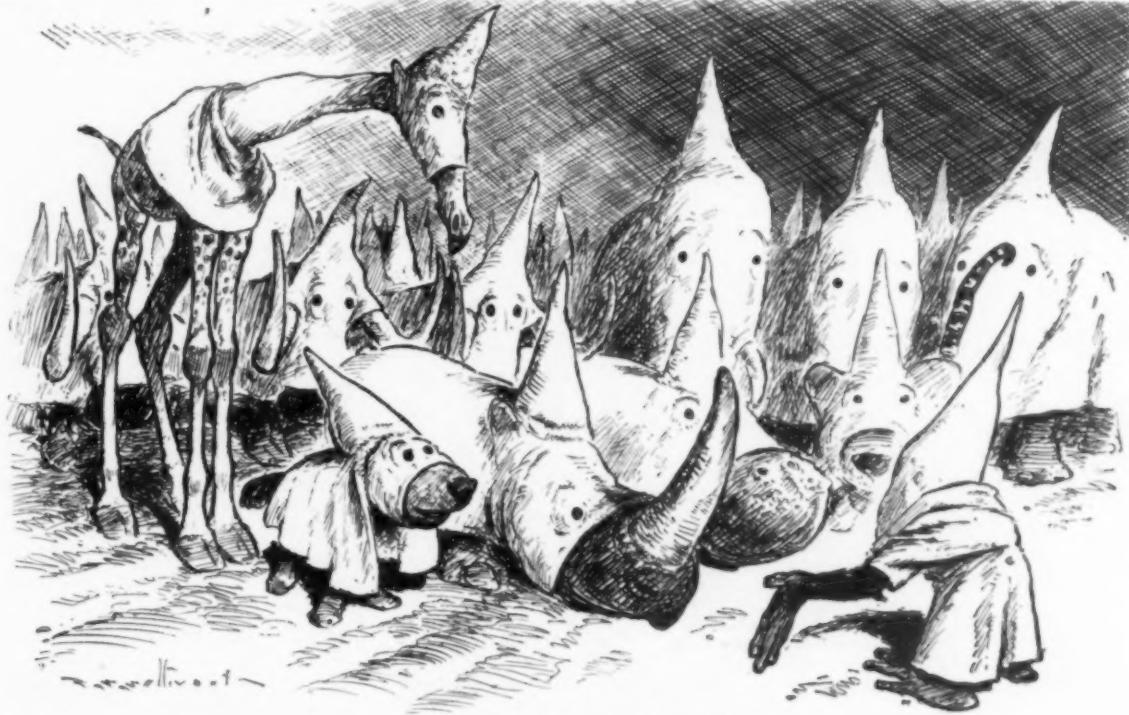
Ho, hum!

JL

The British Admiralty has ruled that all sailors must learn how to swim. There is evidently a feeling that the next disarmament conference may go the limit.

JL

The National Association of Men's Straw Hat Manufacturers of America has launched a nation-wide campaign "to make the American man a well-dressed man." This appears to be the latest method of announcing that the straw hat season is open.



THE K. K. K. INVADES THE DESERT



Mother: WHY DID YOU SLAP THAT LITTLE BOY?
Betty: WELL, I THINK I'M GROWING TOO OLD TO KICK 'EM.

Of Interest to Rural Property Holders

IF you are the owner of a pleasant little country place which you refer to lovingly as "the farm," you will, I am sure, be in complete sympathy with the attitude of the holder of rather love-

ly rural property when he objects to the use of the choicest spots on his estate as family picnic grounds. You will understand at once his objection to the heaping of the large white slabs of stone

in the creek bottom just below the old mill into a primitive grate on which fires for making coffee and warming over beans may be built. It will not be difficult for you to comprehend why he refuses to allow the Jones family to comb his timber-lot for sticks of firewood, and why he insists that his blue grass meadow along Stony Brook is not a tourists' camp. You will also agree with him heartily when he asserts that the posting of "no trespassing" signs, somewhat blunt and harsh though their message may be, is an absolute necessity if one cares to keep one's property presentable.

But we, who are the most inveterate picnic fans, most assuredly do not!

E. M. C.



DRIVEN TO DRINK

THE young fellow who evidently feels that he is destined to set the world on fire never seems to alarm the insurance companies.

On Any Links

"I MAY not play in form, but I do hit the ball now and then. It's not so much how you hit as where you send!"

"Fore!"

"Are my legs all right in knickers? Personally, I think I was built for cribbage. Still, my motto is, 'When in Rome—go the limit!'

"Did you see that man glare because I drove my ball up on his green?—Let's skip the sixth. It's all uphill!"

"What did I do that in, caddy? Oh, it can't be twelve! I'm sure I made it in seven once I got through fanning the air. Oh! I never count *those*!"

"Fore!"

"I wish some humanitarian would set up lemonade stands at the tees. No, I don't like lemonade, but I could use a glass and some ice.—You know my tailor asked me what kind of pockets—quarts or pints! I told him quarts—pleated—to allow for guest room. Oh, I wouldn't think of trusting it to the caddy. They start so young these days!"

"Fore!"

"No, I'm not trying to dig a foundation for a house. You know you have no angleworm's touch on the green!"

"You'd expect the woolen stockings to be hot. I must get some striped ones—they'll be a help to nature. I wish John didn't mind stout women. But they say golf does help!"

"Fore!"

"My entire summer is divided between the open spaces and the drug-store counter. The man who said my freckles were charming has engaged himself to a girl as spotless as a porcelain sink."

"Yes—golf may give you poise, but it plays the devil with your feet. Mine are spreading from tee to tee. I can't see what harm French heels would do. I can do a lot more damage with a putter."

"Fore!"

"It must be a hundred in the shade—if there were any shade!"

"This wear and tear on my lipstick during the golfing season is terrific. Melts right down to the hilt!"

"Just my luck—the last hole and I miss it by a mile. The last half of my game is always poor. One sight of the clubhouse and my morale is shattered!"

"What's the score, caddy? Two hundred and twelve! It can't be right! The little brats—treat them well and all they do is play you false!"



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY

THEY TEST THE THEORY THAT A MAN IS AS OLD AS HE FEELS.

"Here we are! Thank the Lord! I'd never play, but John would cancel our membership."

"Henri—a table by the window! Two tall glasses of ice—and Henri—bring spoons!"

"Yes—one has to allow for leakage these days."

"Mmmm! I certainly do enjoy a game of golf!" *Helen Rockwell.*

One Higher

SHE: Don't you feel as happy as a king when you're flying?

HE: Happier. I'm an ace.

PENNSYLVANIA left Governor Pinchot high and dry.

To Eleonora Duse

(April 21, 1924)

YOU are not dead.

Mere death can never bow
Your tranquil head,
Nor bind the hands
So vibrant with the breath
Of your commands,
Nor alter heaven's choice
To call unto itself
Your voice.

Ruth Lambert Jones.

NORTH: I understand Dobbs has been very successful in the country newspaper field.

WEST: Yes; he's postmaster now.



"THERE, DERN YE! IF I HADN'T A-HED IT T' SHOW YE, YE'D 'A' SAID I WUZ A LIAR, WOULDN'T YE?"
 "WELL, YE WOULD 'A' BEEN."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

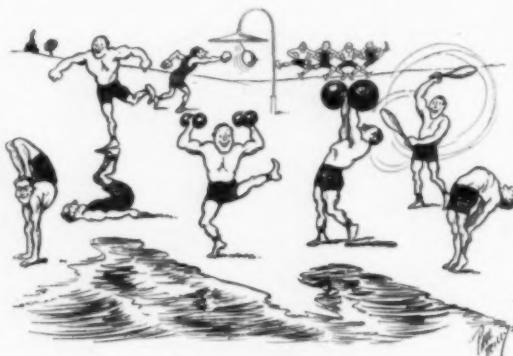
May 15th Awake betimes, and reading in the publick prints about a woman who had died from a cancer of which she knew naught till a fortnight ago, a sudden terror seized me that some malignant growth might be gnawing at my own vitals, so up and to a diagnostician, not stopping even for a wave to be put into my hair, but he found my apprehension groundless, for which I thank God. He did discover a minor malady, however, for which he put me on a farinaceous diet, and it seemeth too good to be true that I can have all the noodles I want within the law.... Thence to an inn for luncheon with Marjorie Worth, and I did order soufflé potatoes with a clear conscience for the first time in years, and ate heartily of Port Salut cheese for dessert. And Marge told me how her telephone had rung in the night after she had gone to sleep and she had reached for it drowsily, discovering, when she came to full consciousness, that she was grasping her night lamp in one hand and holding its small chiffon shade

to her ear with the other.... The Bannings to dine with us this night, nor did I mention my new food regimen at table, which I am proud of. Lord! a good epitaph for anybody would be, He went upon a diet and never spoke of it.

May 16th This day I am one year older, but I cannot bring myself to regret the passage of time, as do so many of my contemporaries. Nor would I go back and live over any of my life, having no mind to

pass again through the stages of ignorance and intolerance which all of us must experience before we are able to appreciate the beauty and wonder of existence. My communication is now much more Yea, Yea, than the Nay, Nay it once was, which I am glad of. And Sam did give me a handsome diamond ornament to wear on my hat, in emulation of the chic Parisiennes, and when I went out to meet Marge Boothby for luncheon I found myself clutching my headgear against a gust of wind even in the

(Continued on page 29)



SEE AMERICA FIRST
 EARLY MORNING ON MUSCLE SHOALS.

CONCERNING HORSE



The HORSE has got a tenor voice that makes the hearer's heart rejoice.



It has one toe on each and every hoof.



Its ears have flippy little twists. It wears chin whiskers on its wrists.

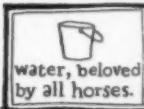


Its tail in flytime's always on the move.



A Horse that's lean and skinny cannot whin so good a whinny as it can when every rib is draped with fat.

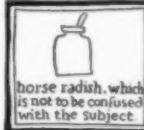
Once our cross-eyed baby sister bit a Horse.



The Horse just missed her with a kick that nicked a passing Baptist's hat.



They wear such bangs as flappers love. Their necks have beards attached above.



They need a lot of care with brush and comb. The Horse

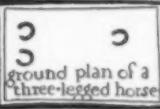


is soothed by Nature's charms (they learn it in their mothers'

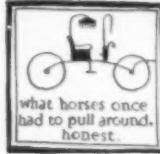


beautiful instantaneous photo of race horse racing.

arms) and whiffle trees they're always bringing home. The Horse's nose is soft as



mush. He packs an awful nasty tush, especially when nipping.



human hide That fact recalls the cross-eyed kid;



the Horse she bit just up and did a double-barreled conniption fit and died. The Horse is covered with a lawn of hair,



with skin to grow it on. The lawn is either mowed or left to moult.

A papa Horse is rather gay but mama seldom acts



a newly-arrived horse.

that way. A Horse is warm but when it's young it's colt. Oh! how I love the prancing

vast herds of wild horses roamed wild over these plains in the early days.

steed! But—I will take my ford for speed. I



horsed just once, beneath our apple tree. My chin caught on a



handy limb. That didn't worry our old "Jim"—he just skedaddled cut from under me.





Liza: GOT YER SPRING HOUSE CLEANIN' DONE?
 Lulu: YAS, WE MOVED.

Awakening

THIS is the loveliest time I know
 In the great, groaning city!
 The push-cart vendors stand in row,
 With pinks, and daffodils that glow,
 And lavender that's pretty.

Through every dun and ugly street
 These hucksters cry their glory.
 "Oh, won't you buy my posies sweet?"
 I hear them say, and then repeat
 Their long-awaited story.

For spring has come at last to town!
 Rough winter has departed.
 And thoroughfares that once were
 brown
 Are crowned now with a golden crown,
 And who could be sad-hearted?

Charles Hanson Towne.

An Ill Wind

SCENE: Suburban Residence; 2 A.M.
 SHE (sotto voce): Georgie, dear, it's
 a burglar!

HE: Sh-h-h, don't move; maybe he
 can get that window up; it's the one
 we haven't been able to open since the
 painters left.

I AM the man who disagrees with
 things, and I am perfectly candid
 and honest about it.

I disagree with our present immigration
 restrictions, and with our laws
 governing the manufacture of liquor.
 I am sure that our foreign policy is all
 wrong, and that it shows scant intelligence
 to continue to elect our Presi-

I've Done My Part

dents in this old-fashioned manner. The
 poorer classes haven't a chance in our
 country, and newspapers are kings.

What's that you say? What do I
 suggest? Oh, I say now; don't be un-
 reasonable. I merely stated a few
 faults, and anyway, I think some one
 else ought to take up this work where I
 have left off.

C. P.



Prehistoric Wife: I SAID BRING HOME SNAILS.
 "MY MISTAKE."

The Future Prize Fight

(*"Beauty Specialist Rebuilds Pugilist's Ear."*—*News Item.*)

IT was evident that Handsome Harry Haggerty was surprised when his opponent, Jimmy Jackson, the East Side Adonis, stepped into the ring. Having counted on the latter's broken nose to insure him an easy victory, he was a bit upset to observe that it had been repaired by a beauty specialist.

Harry is a game youngster, however, and he quickly pulled himself together. He then stepped calmly before the camera to pose for his picture with his opponent. A rumor circulated before ring time, to the effect that Handsome Harry had bribed the photographer to retouch the negative, proved to have had no foundation. Handsome Harry looked particularly impressive in the pose of the Discobolus. The East Side Adonis took his conventional attitude of Mercury, gracefully balanced upon one foot with both hands stretched out as if endeavoring to catch a short fly to the outfield.

The excitement, as the bell gave the signal for measurements to be taken, was intense. To the uninitiated eye it seemed that the men would surely batte to a draw—the advantage given Handsome Harry by his rebuilt ear being easily offset by the splendid new nose which the Adonis had flashed so strategically. However, there was a certain grace and composure in Harry's movements as he submitted to the tape which was sufficient evidence to the old-timers that he would be the winner if no upsets occurred.

The first round was even, the ankle measurements of both men being exactly the same as those of the Apollo Belvedere. The slight advantage which the East Side Adonis obtained in the calves was lost in the thigh measurements.

At the bell for the second round, Handsome Harry stepped forward confidently. He had been banting so faithfully during his training period that he was sure he could put Jackson to rout when the tapes went about the waistline. To the surprise of every one, the East Side Adonis proved to be half an inch slenderer than his opponent. However, a quick movement by Harry towards the pit of Jackson's stomach exposed the fraud; the latter had been holding his breath in distinct violation



"YOUR HAIR LOOKS SO NATURAL, DEAR."
"THAT'S ODD. IT IS."

of the Marchioness of Queensberry rules.

The East Side Adonis, infuriated at the manner in which his foul had been exposed, broke away from the measurers and hit Harry several dastardly blows before he could be subdued.

The referee immediately awarded the contest and the prize (a contract to understudy Jimmy Valentino with the Flim Flam Film Co.) to Handsome Harry Haggerty. The Boxing Commission, consisting of five prominent artists, suspended Jackson for one year and deprived him permanently of the

privilege of using his *nom de guerre*, the East Side Adonis.

This unfortunate incident was the most disgraceful since the days when Firpo was rude enough to knock Jack Dempsey through the ropes. It was just such things that brought boxing of the old school into disrepute.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

Evolution of a President

A BEE in the bonnet;
A hat in the ring;
A feather in the cap.

LIFE

Looking Backwards

Sounder Finds Nothing to Shudder At



SENATOR LODGE,
EXPLAINING HOW
EXTREMELY SAFE
THE WORLD WAR
PLAN IS IN HIS
KEEPING.

heard other than
the gentlest re-
proach pass my
lips.

Yet I confess
that the growing
disposition on the
part of the public
press to speak
slightly of the
work of the present

Congress fills me with a deep and burning
indignation. Injustice I cannot
tolerate, and that the attacks upon us
are unjust the following calm and un-
biased review of our achievements
should conclusively prove.

In this brief survey

I shall not dwell upon our important
work of investigation, which is unfor-
tunately still in a

little confusion. To
provide room for
the rapidly growing
number of commit-
tees we had to re-



AND SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, JUST SITTING
PRETTY.

WASHINGTON, May
19.—I am, I like to
think, of an un-
commonly mild and
forgiving nature. The
bootblack who in
spite of explicit
directions invariably
bears down on the
more sensitive
parts of my
foot has never

sort to the expedient of letting two or
three of them sit jointly. The result
was that records, witnesses and even the
Senators themselves became hopelessly
confused. My committee on sugar
prices, for example, spent two weeks
grilling a witness before discovering
that he was testifying about land frauds
in Texas; and that, moreover, owing to
a mix-up in the records, we weren't the
committee on sugar at all, but the com-
mittee on propaganda.

Leaving the investigations aside, I
feel that one of our outstanding achievements
has been our firm stand against
the encroachment
of executive authority. We have
met every message
of the President
asking us to speed
up our work by vig-
orously do-
ing nothing
for weeks.



AND SENATOR WHEELER, WHO IS SO
VERSATILE THAT HE CAN HANDLE
EITHER END OF AN INDICTMENT.

As in our labors for
reducing taxes, which I
shall come to in a moment, we have never been
self-sparing in our great
and good fight to pre-
serve the integrity of the
Senate.

No record

of the past session would
be complete without men-
tion of our stand on Japanese exclu-
sion. The celerity with which we undid
years of patient work toward under-
standing and accord between two
nations will make our action stand out
among our other notable achievements.

Outstanding, too, is our progress with
the World Court, which Senator Lodge,
in more than one inspired address, has
brilliantly characterized as being still
in committee.

This brings us naturally to relief
for agriculture, and here I believe is
one of our most outstanding successes.
We could have followed the path of

least resistance and done something,
but we decided against that policy.

The soldier

has heard us speak for him in the Bonus
bill—he will continue to hear us speak
in the fall campaign speeches. In fact,
it is doubtful whether the supporters of
this outstanding document will ever get
through talking about it, in which it
will rank with tax reduction.

I feel, too, that when the history of
this Congress comes to be written, side
by side with our struggle to reduce
taxes will be found our gallant protest
against depriving the citizens of a free
nation of the right to wring the Presi-
dent's hand. We had to put aside impor-
tant work to make the fight, but we
were not found wanting.

Thus I come

at last to tax reduction, of which
unfortunately space prevents me
from saying more. Since at this
writing Congress has not found
time, what with the pres-
sure of a busy session, to
take final action, there
really isn't much that I
can say. I have heard,
however, from sources
that I believe to be re-
liable, that unless the
leaders decide to take up
the remaining weeks with
reviewing the outstanding
achievements of the past
session, something may
yet be done about it be-
fore we adjourn.

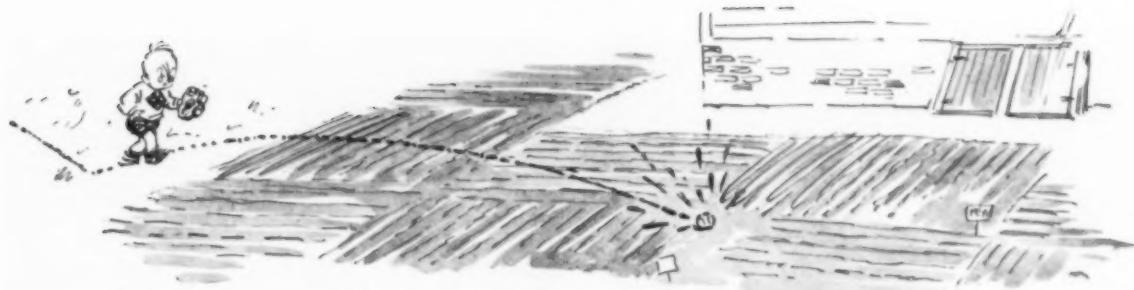
Sounder.



AND SENATOR PEPPER, EX-
PLAINING THAT HIS
SPEECH IS A KEYNOTE
ONLY SO FAR AS IT ISN'T.



AND SENATOR HEFLIN, ENGAGED IN HIS
DAILY DOZEN SPEECHES.



"THERE IT GOES IN THAT MAN'S GARDEN AGAIN."



"THINGS CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS."



"HEY, MISTER! LOOKA HERE!"



"WHY AIN'T THERE A FENCE AROUND THIS GARDEN?"

Skippy



"DARLING! LET'S SEE HOW MUCH I WEIGH IN NIAGARA FALLS!"

The Voice of the People

Congress Officially Puts *LIFE* in Its Place

THE handsome testimonial which was presented by *LIFE* to Congress has evidently aroused considerable righteous ire in the legislative halls at Washington. The award, you will remember, was made by the judges of the War Contest in recognition of the Congressional action toward Japan.

Some of the official comments follow.

"Your letter and award were consigned to the waste-basket, to which place all communications from un-American sources find their way."

HON. T. W. HARRISON.
M. C. from the 7th District, Virginia.

"Fortunately, the people of the United States are looking to their legislative representatives and not to the shallow professional jester for the enactment of such measures as are required by their profoundest instincts of self-preservation."

HON. WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE.
Senator from Maryland.

"Your communication...was the kind of a message a person would expect from the garlic laden foreign atmosphere of New York City."

HON. R. N. ELLIOTT.
M. C. from Indiana.

"Thank you very much for your memorial commendatory of my vote on the immigration bill. If my conduct meets with your approval at any future time, I shall be pleased to have you advise me."

HON. ANDREW J. HICKEY.
M. C. from the 13th District, Indiana.

"I have your resolution addressed to the Congress of the United States of America, of the prize for services rendered in furthering the cause of war. I used to think *LIFE* was a funny paper, sometimes extremely funny, and each week it has furnished amusement to me, and then been sent to my son at school. I am afraid, however, you are taking yourselves rather seriously now and bound to have your own way and if not, bombard the Congress, like so many other bigots and organized minorities all sprung up like mushrooms along with the Direct Primary....This Congress is not seeking through the Immigration bill I am very appreciative of the Memorial you have so kindly forwarded to each of us. I have no doubt we deserve this distinguished evidence of your recognition."

HON. JOHN D. CLARKE.
M. C. from the 34th District, New York.

Hon. T. S. Williams, of Illinois, was content to send back the letter which accompanied *LIFE*'s award, inscribed with the flaming words, "Respectfully returned to the Long-Eared Ass from which it came."

In different vein, but none the less significant, were the communications from those gentlemen who were not involved in the affront to Japan:

"Thanks—but I voted against the immigration bill."
HON. PATRICK B. O'SULLIVAN.
M. C. from Connecticut.

"As one whose vote was paired in opposition to the Immigration bill I am very appreciative of the Memorial you have so kindly forwarded to each of us. I have no doubt we deserve this distinguished evidence of your recognition."

HON. ROYAL S. COPELAND.
Senator from New York.

No official action by the Senate or the House of Representatives has been taken at the time of going to press, but it looks very much as if *LIFE* would have to be edited for the next few years in one of the spacious celis at Atlanta, to which all things "un-American" are eventually consigned.





MAY 22, 1924

VOL. 83. 2168

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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DR. MURRAY BUTLER'S denunciation of Prohibition made lively reading in the papers and a general stir in the public mind, especially in the Methodist mind. The only fault to find with it is that he seems somewhat less solicitous than he should be to save the good that the prohibitory effort has wrought. It has closed the saloons. He does not want them reopened and says so. After all, that is Prohibition's main beneficial accomplishment, but besides that there has been a diminution in the flow of rum which in some communities is felt to have improved the conditions of life. Where that is true, one would not wish the improvement to be lost.

Dr. Butler hurled his denunciation in the very teeth of the Methodists now in conference in Springfield. The *Republican* of that city, which is remarkably ardent for the Dry view, finds the only restrictive alternative to the present situation is for the Government to take over the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. It does not look with favor upon that prospect.

But why do anything so elaborate as that? Why not make the Volstead law conform to the Prohibition Amendment, and define intoxicants as fluids containing—say more than two and three-quarters per cent. of alcohol? That would let in some light drinks and permit a low-power beer which would satisfy a very large demand without appreciable harm. Whether, eventually, the Amendment will stand or fall, only a seventh son can say, but most of the mischief so far has been done by the Volstead act, and that can be amended whenever public sentiment can make a demand for it felt. True enough it is hard for public sentiment with regard to any-

thing connected with Prohibition to make itself felt, so strong is the organization of the extreme Drys, but in time it can be done and probably will be.

The army of enthusiasts who are behind Prohibition and have no scruple about imposing their ideas of reformation upon their fellows are much more dangerous to the republic and to American civilization than rum ever was or ever can be.



IT is not necessary to talk about the Republican nomination because it seems to be settled that Mr. Coolidge will get it, and he will be a pretty strong candidate, particularly in his stand for economy in government and the reduction of taxation. But about the Democratic possibilities there is plenty of talk and enough good candidates to take away all excuse for nominating a weak one. The last time there were presidential conventions, both parties yielded to the same temptation. When they were tired out with wrangling and wanted to go home, each of them nominated a man from the Middle West.

Brethren, do not do that again! The Governor of Indiana has just gone to prison under a ten-year sentence. Do not go to Indiana for a candidate. Politics in that state does not seem to be in a condition to develop men of strong character. And do not go again to Ohio. We tried Ohio faithfully last time, and such good as came of it did not come from Ohio.

The truth is that the political reputation of the Middle West is at present very low. One does not go there to

find anything better than availability. For fortitude, for integrity, for political idealism that is not, at present, the place to look.



CONDOLENCES to Tammany on its current experience of the inconvenience of having Hylan mayor of New York. Tammany thinks that Surrogate James A. Foley would make a profitable successor to Charles Murphy as boss of the organization. Hylan demurs and says it won't do, representing presumably in this opinion William Hearst and also the Cahalans, one of whom, as will be recalled, was an independent competitor of Foley for the office of Surrogate.

It is no trouble to get affidavits that Hylan is an obstructive character and very gifted in impeding whatever anybody else wants to do. One can better endure to have him embarrass Tammany, which is responsible for him, than to have his activities employed in injuring the administration of the public schools, in conniving at the ruin of the parks, and in delaying again and again the construction of new subways which are so much needed. It is truly wonderful how Hylan is able to put it over on the voters. His recent collapse of health was probably due to his habit of taking on a daily fight. The habit seems to have been resumed upon his return to office and its effect on his health is awaited with interest.

HARVARD COLLEGE wants five million dollars for buildings for its Business School and another million to keep them going. A great many observers wonder whether large-scale instruction in business is a thing desirable for a university to undertake. Business is commonly regarded as the art of making money. But money-making, as the vulgar see it, consists in inducing folks who have it to turn it in to skillful persons who want it. If Harvard is to turn out an annual army of young men highly instructed in this process, what is to become of us ignorant people who cannot as it is hang on to what money we are able to get?

The Harvard promoters must have different notions of business from these, and should set them forth. E. S. Martin,



SECRET PRACTICE



A.B. FROST.

The word got aroun' some
bar'l of hard cider

LIFE



in' somehow that Hen Steffens had a
of hard cider in his cellar.



One of Each

"THE BRIDE" is like something that you or I might write late at night and think pretty good stuff—until we looked at it in the morning. No one could ever have looked at the script of "The Bride" in the morning-light. It is full of things that are usually taken out of plays on second thought. In other and more explicit words, it is pretty bad.

A mystery play needn't necessarily hang together. There were lots of things about "The Bat" and "The Thirteenth Chair" that you could pick flaws in after you had got home and dried your palms off. But somehow we are old-fashioned enough to ask of a thriller that it doesn't make us laugh. "The Bride" not only made us laugh. It made us blush with embarrassment.

After watching all the old situations pop out one by one and nod familiarly at the audience before climbing back into the sarcophagus with General Grant, we turned to the stranger on our left and said in a loud tone: "If it turns out in the end that the girl is not really a crook but a detective I intend to poke my finger in your eye." "All right," he said, which was very decent of him considering that he hadn't written the play. We do not want to give away the plot; so we will not tell whether or not the girl did prove to be a detective, but when we turned to find our neighbor, he had fled.



THERE was something more than the usual interest attaching to the première of "The Bride," inasmuch as it was heralded as bringing Peggy Wood out of musical comedy into what is known as "the legitimate drama." If ever we saw an illegitimate drama, it is "The Bride," and Miss Wood might better have been content to delight audiences a little longer with her voice and beauty, until something came along which would give her a chance to show what else she could do. So arduous is the task of making "The Bride" seem real that she is forced into tactics of roguishness and impish bouncing which would ill become even such tiny tots as June Walker and Constance Binney. Miss Wood unquestionably can do light comedy when she has any to do, but with the material at hand she is so handicapped that one is tempted occasionally to offer the old vaudeville advice, "Go into your dance."

Writing thus comes hard to one who was so moved by the vision of Miss Wood's loveliness that he went out and

bought a boutonnière of arbutus and a new necktie—a salmon-colored one.



IT is too bad that "Catskill Dutch" was submitted in the Harvard prize contest at the same time with "You and I," instead of a year later with "Nancy Ann." It is more of the calibre of a prize play than this year's winner (or, according to the box-office, loser).

In it Roscoe Brink has taken a settlement of up-state Dutch zealots and, out of a maze of unfamiliar talk, personalities, ideas, and standards, has created something pretty fairly credible. You never have heard people talk the way his people talk, and you never knew people to think the way they think, and yet you are quite willing to accept Mr. Brink's word for it that there were such people. This is no small accomplishment, when you consider the heights of unreality achieved by the author of "The Bride" with characters drawn from present-day residents of Washington Square.

You never will topple into the aisle with excitement at "Catskill Dutch," as its pace is what is known as "leisurely" except for one pulsating scene at a revival meeting in which various members of the congregation (as in "Roseanne" earlier in the season) become so excited by the proximity of the Judgment Seat that they fall out of their own in paroxysms of religious fervor.

Still, in these days, a play with the sincerity (whatever that means) of "Catskill Dutch" deserves a little better than an even break.



WE take great pleasure in announcing that on May 22 "Abie's Irish Rose" will be two years old. On the occasion of its opening (we were young then, and fresh, and full of the vigor and joy of life) we sat with Mr. Heywood Broun smiling indulgently at Miss Nichols' little banalities and came out and wrote that the worst show in town had opened. We rather felt that it was all that was necessary. (*The curtain will be lowered to denote the lapse of two years.*)

We are now a broken old man, full of wisdom and suffering, our vocabulary depleted and our pride shattered, but we still insist that "Abie's Irish Rose" is (very faintly)—the worst—show—in town.

(His sword falls to the ground as he sinks backward and is dragged off by the feet.) Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Cheaper to Marry. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Nuggets from the Sam Shipman philosophy mine, proving that marriage is the best way out of a bad bargain.

Cobra. *Hudson*—The one about the Husband, the Wife, and the Friend revived by excellent acting.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—A play which every one loving the theatre should see, especially as done by Walter Hampden.

The Dust Heap. *Vanderbilt*—Special Yukon hot-dog, majoring the he-man note. Everything except the sawmill.

The Flame of Love. *Morosco*—Chinese scenery and costumes.

Garden of Weeds. *Gaiety*—Hardly necessary.

Hedda Gabler. *Forty-Eighth St.*—All-star cast in special matinees.

The Kreutzer Sonata. *Frasze*—To be reviewed later.

The Miracle. *Century*—A spectacle which made a new man of us.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—The curing of hip-trouble made dramatic by Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—It seems silly to describe this at this late date.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—History with the Shaw touch. Winifred Lenihan as the Maid.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—One of our pet aversions which has made good.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—Backwoods fun and its penalties.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Two years old this week. (Mr. Behchley has gone for the day and will not be back until Saturday.)

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—Delightful kidding with a pleasant amount of venom. Roland Young dreams it all.

The Bride. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Catskill Dutch. *Belmont*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—Return engagement of this intelligent comedy with its extra-quality cast.

Expressing Will. *Forty-Eighth St.*—One of the season's most satisfactory products.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—Considerable amusement derived from performing an old-fashioned play in the manner of 1845.

Fata Morgana. *Lyceum*—Emily Stevens in a grown-up and vivid account of cradling.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The best of the current analyses of the Younger Generation.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Fairly entertaining farce, with Mary Boland.

The Melody Man. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

The Nervous Wreck. *San H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in rough-and-tumble.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—Snapshots of everyday life, very clean and worth looking at.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Our favorite comedy of the year.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Well-acted wise-cracks concerning sex.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in really high-class stuff.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—What we mean by a "good show."

The Chiffon Girl. *Central*—Pretty slow except for Eleanor Painter's voice.

Innocent Eyes. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor, now one of our favorite human beings.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—We have forgotten most of this one.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Well up in the list.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson and an eventful score.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Times Square*—Yes and no.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Lots to look at and Frank Tinney.

Paradise Alley. *Casino*—Our suggestion regarding this would be "Never mind."

Peg o' My Dreams. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

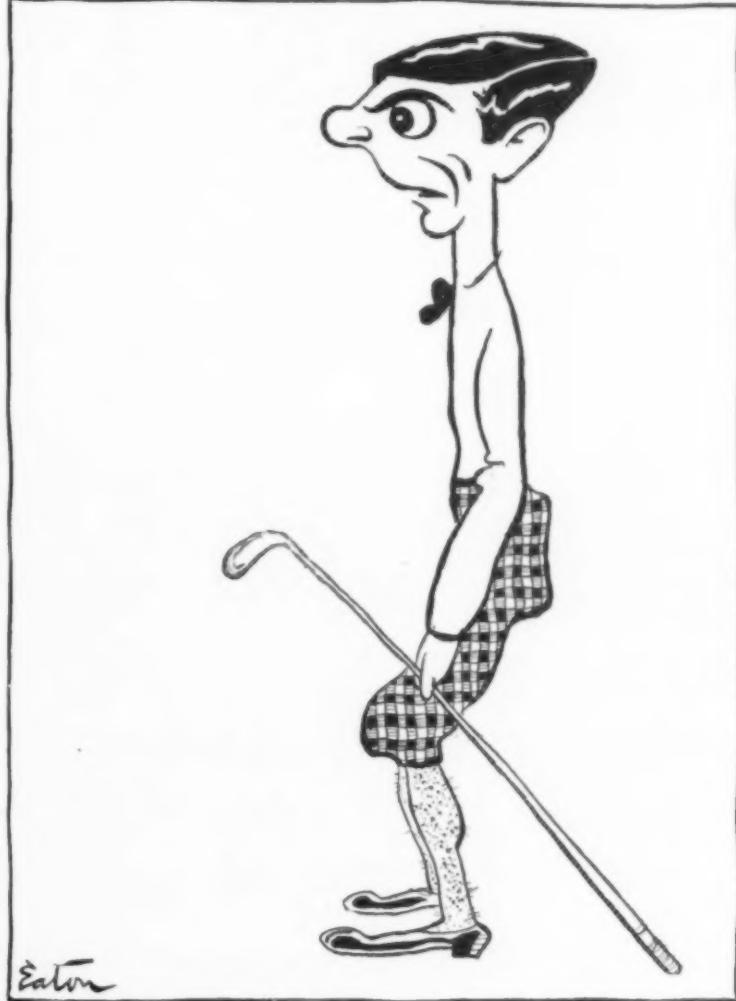
Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields and Luella Gear in the dean of the season's musical shows.

Round the Town. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed later.

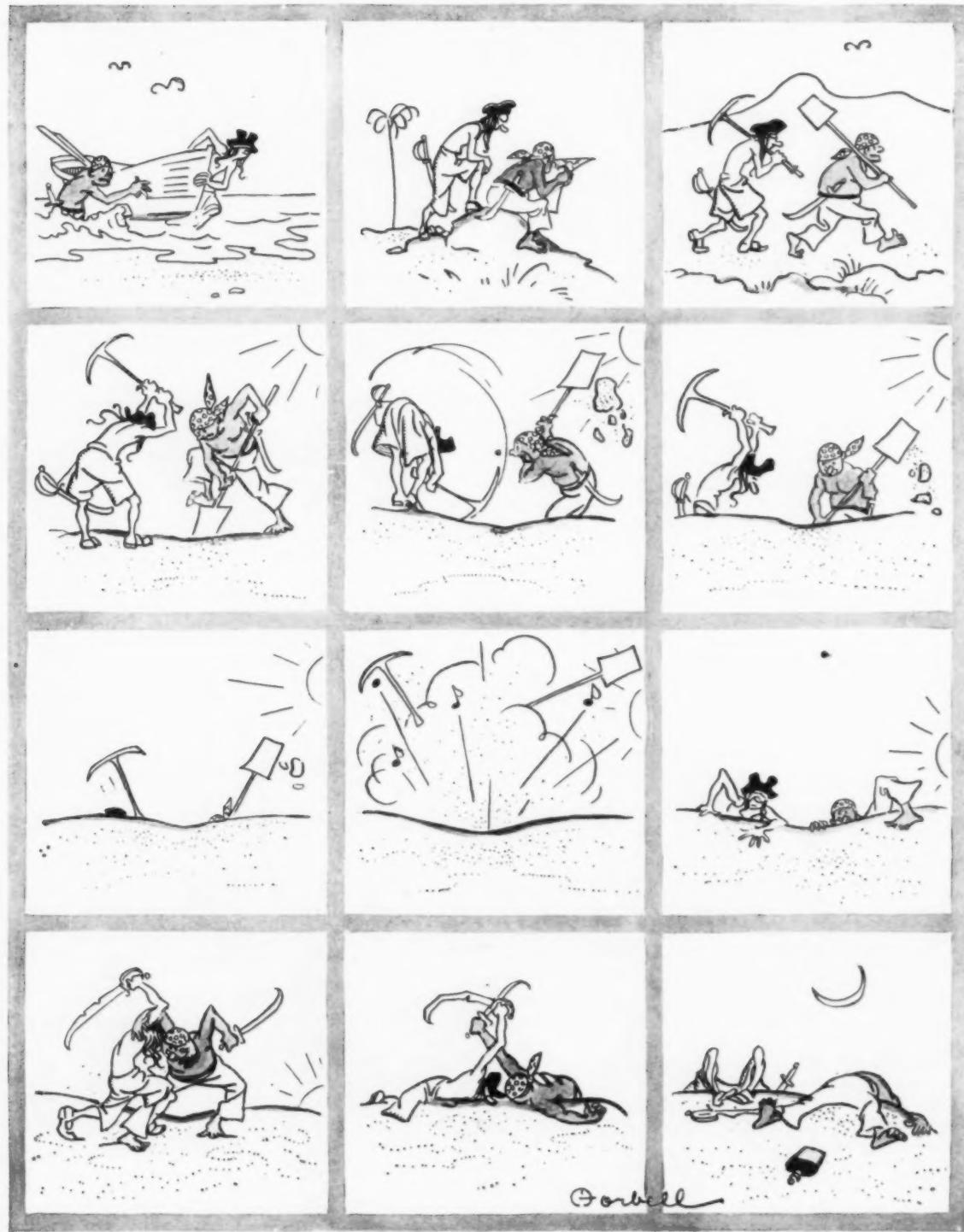
Sitting Pretty. *Fulton*—Very pleasant example of the Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern product.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in what seems to be a hit. At any rate, a lot of people are crowding in each night.

Vogues. *Shubert*—Two funny men, Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen, in a generally good show.



EDDIE CANTOR IN "KID BOOTS"



HOW YESTERDAY WOULD BE TO-DAY

My Husband Says

THAT he thinks a trip to Europe is most educational. It is only ten months since we sailed before, but he was very glad to come again. He likes educational things, and anyhow, he said he had had a terrible thirst for ten months and three miles.

I love to travel, too, but I think it's awfully hard to know just what to take to wear, for one *never* knows what the weather will be. And of course, you can't take *everything*, for packing is such a problem. I'm always awfully glad when our cake of soap wears thin.

But my husband says the deduction is very simple. He says if you take thin things you will freeze to death, and if you take heavy clothes you will find it ninety in the shade wherever you go, but you'll never find the shade. But I really don't mind, for there are so many interesting things to see and to buy that I never know much about the weather. My husband says that my knowledge of geography is somewhat limited, too.

But I don't think that matters in the least, for the trains and taxis will take you anywhere you wish to go.

My husband says that meeting people while traveling broadens one a lot. But I don't feel much broader after meeting some people.

We met a charming American lady in the Louvre. I thought her clothes were perfectly fascinating, but they looked a little tight in several places. She said she didn't care for the French *déjeuner*, and told us all about the things she liked for breakfast at home. My husband says that he thinks people should be as silent in art museums as they are in cathedrals.

And besides, he thinks people should be well acquainted before they tell when they have dyspepsia or a new straw hat or what they like for breakfast.

L. Blanche Simpson.



IN THE WAKE OF SCANDAL

Prosecuting Attorney (examining candidate for jury duty): NOW ANSWER ME, YES OR NO. DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

"YEH, I THINK ALL THE CROOKS IN WASHINGTON OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED."

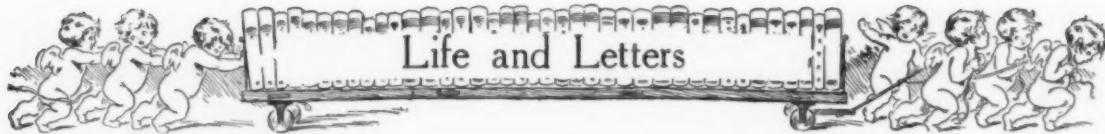
Love Sends a Little Gift of Posies

SHALL it be Violets? Indeed, her eyes
Have just their tender blue that almost speaks,
Or Roses, pink, whose color will surprise
An answ'ring bloom to flower in her cheeks?
Or Roses, red, whose deeper hue divides
Its glory with her lips and early dawn?
Or Buttercups? Her hair's as gold...besides,
Such pretty ones are growing on our lawn.

Lawrence Riley



"HERE! HERE! NONE O' THAT, SOLDIER HOLZWEBER; GIVE US CROWD OUR MONEY'S WORTH."



WHATEVER snobbery lurks within me comes out with a whoop when I read the novels of Edgar Lee Masters. How any writer can concern himself with such dull and ordinary characters is beyond me. "Dull and ordinary" is a charitable qualification, at that. The adjective should be "common." The vulgarity of Mr. Masters' people is not that of the wholesome, hearty proletariat, which is often readable and humorous. It is the vulgarity of the narrowly pretentious.

Skeeters Kirby, whom Mr. Masters has taken on from the novel to which he gave title into "Mirage" (Boni & Liveright), reminds me of the young man in the illustrated advertisement who has put in fifteen minutes a day on "good" reading. He knows the five-foot shelf from ridge to ridge, and will spout Æschylus, Plato and Schopenhauer with no provocation and in the most extraordinary circumstances. But he apparently knows nothing else. Samuel Butler and Remy de Gourmont probably aren't even names to him.

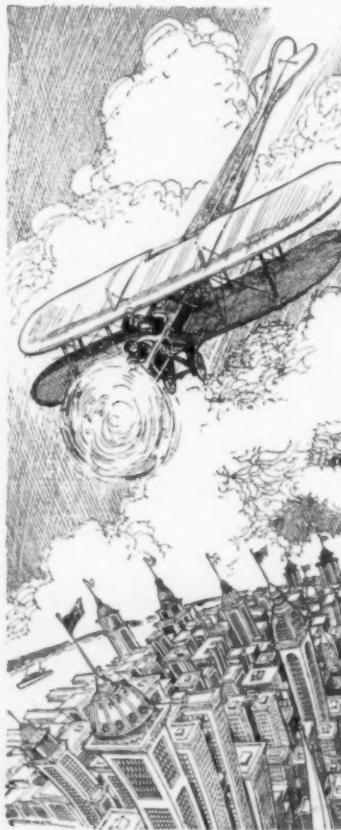
This night-school aura of *Skeet's* and his unending introspection might be more bearable if only he could keep his mind off the ladies. You read along hoping that it will occur to him to play some tennis or go to see a movie or take in a gallery or make a fourth at a rubber of bridge. Nothing like that. He is on the sex grille every second. And his taste. Oh, *Mon Dieu!*

In the unburnished lexicon of Mr. Masters there is no such word as "humor." Inasmuch as he is more obsessed by sex than even D. H. Lawrence, it is a pity that he doesn't write one-tenth as well.

"WOMEN AND WIVES," by Harvey Fergusson (Knopf), is the story of two young people who married without taking much thought and did not live so happily ever after. The sailing is smooth enough at first. The author has even endowed the heroine with one hundred dollars a month of her own in order to give them a chance to make the best of things which a great many newlyweds lack. But when the husband begins to retire to his own

room with a book and a bottle—he is one of these Kipling-Conrad fans—and the wife to encounter the same gentleman in a tea-shop every day, the reader, if he is pressed for time, might just as well turn to the last two chapters.

This novel is well written, readable



The One in the Rear: YOU KINDA LOOK AFTER THINGS, WILL YA, BILL? I THINK I'LL GRAB OFF A LITTLE FIVE-MINUTE NAP.

and true to human nature. It contains one sentence which disturbed me a little: "She was rapidly falling into that state of mingled boredom and frustration which is perhaps the commonest mood of civilized man." I have found that same idea several times lately on the printed page. But I have made up my mind not to accept it on hearsay.

NOBODY, not even Booth Tarkington, writes about boys any better than Eden Phillpotts. Moreover, Mr. Phillpotts does boys better than he does anything else. "A Human Boy and the War," which appeared several years ago, was delightful, and now there is "A Human Boy's Diary" (Macmillan), which I read with the liveliest enthusiasm and recommend to you with the same. It covers *Teddy Medland's* first year at Merivale School, and begins: "The difficulty for a private diary is to be private enough to keep it; and though this is called a private school, there is nothing whatever private about it." The young writer misses nothing of what goes on about him, and faithfully records everything which strikes him as "interesting," including such details as the boy from Siam's getting an extra blanket out of the Matron by telling her that the earth is in aphelion, the farthest distance from the sun. "The Matron doesn't know much about such things, but Siam ~~got~~ the blanket." The Fifth- and Sixth-Form debate on the motion, "That the preservation of the contents of the National Gallery is more important than the preservation of a baby's life," is alone worth the price of the book.

TAKING his tip from Walter Pater that "there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate," Mr. Gilbert Seldes, having strongly felt the charm of our country's leading cartoonists, columnists, movie comedians, vaudeville headliners, jazz composers and syndicate humorists, has appointed himself their interpreter and written both affectionately and diligently about them in "The Seven Lively Arts" (Harper). It is a book that everybody who keeps intelligent pace with his times should own.

Diana Warwick.

If Genius Were Alive To-day

To the Editor of the Dunwoodie *Argus*.

DEAR SIR:

It may interest your readers to learn that I have observed the first Nightingale for the 1924 Spring Season. I was returning from a rather rousing meeting of the local Audubon Society, and I confess a sort of drowsy numbness pained my senses, as though I had imbibed heavily. At the corner of Prospect and Pleasant Avenues, what was my surprise to hear a loud whistle sound high over my head, and a moment later to see a large male Nightingale (*Daulias luscinia*) fly out of a maple tree. I followed it for several blocks until it became lost in the maze of traffic; and I had to pinch myself to see if I were awake or asleep.

Yours faithfully,

JNO. KEATS.

Yonkers, N. Y.

* * *

To the Editor of the Springfield *Star-Advocate*.

DEAR SIR:

I note yesterday in your columns that Mrs. William Blattwhistle reports hearing a Towhee, or Chewink, and mentions the "loud and clear 'tow-hee-ee-ee,' with last notes tremulous." I have heard this same bird, in the identical spot, and beg to point out that there was no characteristic "che-wink"



The Master Mind: I'LL HIT AN' RUN, JIMMY, AN' YOU POINT TH' OTHER WAY SO'S T' THROW 'EM OFF TH' TRACK!

at the end, a note by an odd coincidence very like the bird's name. On the contrary I found the call to be a rather loud "zee-ee-ee," repeated six times; and consequently I am convinced that our little feathered friend is either a Rose-Breasted Grosbeak or a Skylark, more probably the latter.

Sincerely yours,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Springfield, Mass.

To the Fordham *Times*.

DEAR SIRS:

Somebody should do something about the Grackles that disturb the neighborhood every morning with their raucous chatter. Yesterday I was awakened by one of them (a large black bird, either a Grackle or a Raven) actually pecking at the door of my chamber. If steps are not taken to curb this nuisance I shall go out myself and discharge skyrockets into the trees.

CITIZEN.

The Poe Cottage,
Fordham, N. Y.

Corey Ford.

The Story of the Three Brothers

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers who set out to make their fortunes. After some reflection, they decided to enter, separately and individually, the bootlegging industry.

The first took a job as a bellboy in a prominent hotel, and by the end of a year he had amassed a considerable fortune. The second became a headwaiter in a fashionable restaurant. He, at the end of a year, had twice the amount of the former. The third, however, in little over a month had gleaned many times the sum total of what the other two brothers cabbaged in an entire year.

For he had landed a position as a Federal Agent.

Charles G. Shatt.



Wife: PERCY, AREN'T YOU COMING TO BREAKFAST?
Artist: WHAT'S BREAKFAST, RUTH, WHILE I CONTEMPLATE THE DEPTH OF EMOTION AND SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF COLOR?



THE TEXAS MAN WHO DRILLED FOR OIL IN HIS CELLAR.

THE SILENT DRAMA

"Triumph"

FOLLOWING his colossal attempt at a popularization of the Ten Commandments, Cecil B. De Mille has come out with a considerably less pretentious picture called "Triumph." It is an interesting contrast—representing a leap, by the agile Mr. De Mille, from the crest of Mt. Sinai to a tin-can factory in the outskirts of New York.

"Triumph" is a surprise in more ways than one. It lacks the terrific ostentation, the bizarre blather of "Male and Female," "Fools' Paradise" and the rest. Indeed, it seems that a miracle has come to pass: C. B. De Mille has lost his fondness for putting on the dog.

All this is particularly pleasing to your correspondent. I have always wanted to be pals with Mr. De Mille, but it has been difficult for me to accomplish this end—chiefly because he and I have had such radically different ideas about plumbing. From his treatment of "Triumph," it would seem that hereafter he intends to picture bathrooms that look like bathrooms, social functions that look like social functions and characters that act like human beings. So everybody's happy, and I can now devote my entire attention to Rupert Hughes.

IT is unfortunate that Mr. De Mille could not have found a better story than "Triumph"—but one can't expect everything all at once. In spite of its essential foolishness, he has made it seem credible (in spots) and interesting (at all times) by his expert manipulation of scenes and people.

The cast, as a whole, is a creditable one, with particular attention to the work of Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Zasu Pitts and Victor Varconi. This is my first observation of Mr. Varconi; he looks like a decidedly valuable addition to the Hollywood gentry.

"Second Youth"

AN all-star cast always looks well on paper, and impresses one unduly with its importance. On the screen, however, it doesn't shape up so

well. It becomes altogether too much of a good thing.

For every star in a picture there must be an introductory title—and if there is anything more monotonous than an introductory title, it is an introductory title.

"Second Youth" is full of stars—well, not exactly stars, but performers of sufficient prominence to justify the use of their names. Not only do they occupy all the principal positions, but they actually comprise most of the mobs. Some of them play minor parts in the film and others, apparently, don't play at all. But they are all ushered in with great ceremony.

This makes for dullness, and for incoherence. "Second Youth" has plenty of both. It also has some excellent comedy, for which Alfred Lunt is almost solely responsible.



LEATRICE JOY IN "TRIUMPH"



Oil and Trouble

AN old, old friend made his appearance in a recent picture, "The World Struggle for Oil," and his return to public life may be considered tremendously significant. His name, in case you have forgotten it, is Propaganda; he is the gifted recruiting sergeant who can always get the boys into the trenches by Christmas.

"The World Struggle for Oil" was produced by a prominent pair of collaborators, the Sinclair Oil Company and the Department of the Interior of the United States Government. It was this same team, you will remember, which sponsored the famous Teapot Dome scandal last winter.

Their picture is supposed to be a history of the oil business from the days when Noah smeared pitch on the hull of the Ark to the victory of Zev over Papirus at Belmont Park. It shows the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania, the first well, and the old methods of production as compared with the new. This part of "The World Struggle for Oil" is at least instructive.

But when the inspired authors start to prospect in the future, they drag in their star player, Propaganda, and one hears in the faint distance the Call to Arms, the menacing tread of marching ultimatums, the shouts of "Give Till It Hurts" and the irresistible strains of "Over There."

It seems that the United States, today, is pre-eminent in the world of oil—but that there are many potent fields yet to be explored and exploited. Great Britain and lesser nations are doing their best to control these. "Under which flag will they be developed and made profitable?" ask the Sinclair Oil Company and the Department of the Interior. The answer is provided by a stirring view of our grand old Navy going into action.

WELL, if there must be another war, we might as well face the crisis now. But can't we find any one besides Harry Sinclair to fight for?

Robert E. Sherwood.



LES POUDRES DE COTY

*Tho' a woman have the soul of an angel
and hath not charm, it profits her
nothing—in the everyday world. Charm
finds its most alluring expression in the
idealizing touch of COTY Face
Powder—in the lasting fragrance
of the Talc, which surrounds each
woman with an elusive cloud of her
individual perfume —*



*Address "Dept. L. 5" for
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a guide to the accentuation of
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When We Were Very Young

Independence

I never did, I never did, I never did like "Now, take care, dear!" I never did, I never did, I never did want "Hold-my-hand"; I never did, I never did, I never did think much of "Not up there, dear!"—It's no good saying it. They don't understand.—*A. A. M., in Punch.*

Out of the Picture

"What do you think of this museum piece?" asked the antique dealer. "Said to be genuine Sheraton."

"I think," answered the connoisseur, "it's a case of Sheraton twenty miles away."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LILY: So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home?

MOSE: Jes' temp'rarily, honey, till de mortgage am fo'closed.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

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The Incorrigible Gambler

Thirty Negroes were brought before the Justice of the Peace to answer to the charge of gaming.

Quite a few had been disposed of when the case of Johnnie Jones was called.

"Johnnie Jones here?" the judge asked.

"Yessah, Judge, I'se right here," the Negro replied.

"Guilty or not guilty, Johnnie?"

"Judge," the Negro said moanfully, "whenever there's a crap game, I'se terrible guilty."—*Houston Post.*

Lucy Stone Version

FIRST LUCY STONE LEAGUER (with great scorn): Who was the gentleman I saw you with yesterday?

SECOND DITTO (with even greater scorn): Huh, that wasn't a gentleman—that was my husband.—*Kansas City Star.*

CONDUCTOR: I've been on this train seven years.

PASSENGER: That so? Where did you get on?—*Yale Record.*

EVERY one makes a mistake now and then, but why pick out a grade crossing for a background?—*Detroit News.*



DRAMA IN THE CIRCUS

"HELP! HELP! THE SWORD SWALLOWER IS CHOKING ON A FISHBONE!"

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

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Burning Ghauts at Benares, where Brahmins come to die. 10,000 Hindus bathing along a mile of the Ganges... And thus, on through India. India, the gorgeous, India, the glittering. India, the fanatical; India, the mystical.

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YEARS of wishing and waiting—for Magic Year! And then, a Canadian-Pacific Cruise You go sailing the seven seas! Leisurely, joyously! Guided only by romance, and a chart which notes the Gateway Ports of the World.

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Canadian-Pacific arranges everything. It provides a luxurious Empress liner, and its own world-wide organization. And the cost? That should not count—yet it is no more than staying at home in comparable luxury.

Where these gateway ports are, what they lead to, how the cruises are arranged—all is told in fascinating literature. Write, phone, call offices listed below. Personal service if desired.

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Why try a new cigarette?

If you are wholly and perfectly satisfied with the cigarette that you are now smoking, and the container provided for it, we wouldn't want to assume the responsibility of inducing you to change.

But, on the other hand, if you feel that your present brand falls short in one way or another; or if you are annoyed by a crude and clumsy package, we venture to suggest that the Reedsdale Cigarette, in its new and improved container, may come a little nearer to your ideals.

**

The pleasure one might get in smoking cigarettes is halved by a misfit brand; or, to put it another way, the satisfaction that one gets from smoking a not-quite-right-for-me brand may be doubled by changing to a brand that comes closer to one's personal taste.

So the reasons for trying a new cigarette, in the case of Reedsdale, at least, are: the possibility of finding a cigarette that will give you a greater pleasure from cigarette smoking; and the probability that the new Reedsdale package will be a convenience to you, as a cigarette smoker, that will further add to your satisfaction.

**

Reedsdale Cigarettes are made of fine tobaccos, blended with expertness; and the Reedsdale blend, as it stands, was found to suit, better than any other, a decided majority of the large number of cigarette smokers comprising our trial jury. The new Reedsdale package is an improved container that is unquestionably an advance in pocket containers, from the standpoint of convenience and of keeping the cigarettes in prime condition—fresh, full-flavored, uncrushed and unbroken.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 115 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.



Official Deference

In his book, "The Southlands of Siva," Mr. A. Butterworth tells the following:

An Assistant Commissioner had his office management severely criticized by the Commissioner, who closed his report with these words: "This young man seems a past-master in doing nothing." The report was sent to the young man for his explanation. Against the above remark he wrote: "Far be it from me to reverse the opinion of an expert in the art."—*Tatler* (London).

The Shortest Proposal

In a lecture recently, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, illustrating how truth is stranger than fiction, said: "No novelist would dare use this true incident: A gentleman of India suddenly determined to offer marriage to a girl in England, so he cabled, 'Will you?' The answer came promptly, 'Won't I?'

—*Boston Transcript*.

Choosing a Vocation

Oscar had finally completed his education and now wished to be an architect. His father did not like it. "Nonsense!" said he. "There'll be practically no building for years—you'll have nothing to do."

"That's exactly the reason," said Oscar.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich).

Colornary

"Cook, don't you know that if you boil cabbage with the lid on it will lose its color?"

"So folks 'ave told me, mum; but you'll never get me to believe it. I never was superstitious."—*Punch*.

The Better 'Ole

According to Lord Sudeley, museums are really brighter places than music halls.

The jokes would naturally read better in the original cuneiform characters.

—*London Daily Express*.

"EDGAR, I wish I could feel perfectly certain that I am the only girl you've ever loved."

"So do I, darling."—*London Mail*.



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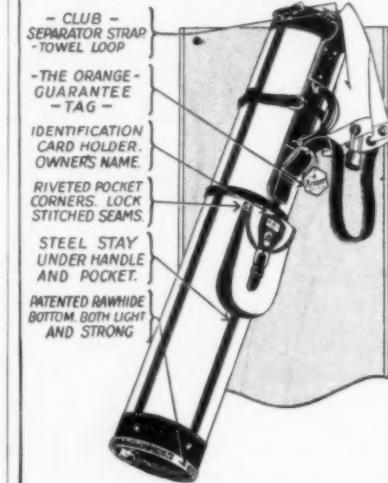
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Shaving Cream



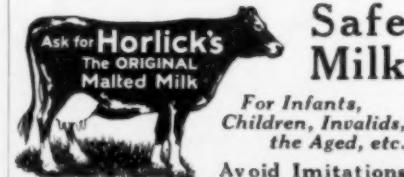
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**"Yes sir!
It's a Nesser"**

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Ask your dealer in Golf Equipment to show you "Long Life for Golf Clubs" is a helpful booklet you may have on request.



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 6)

taxicab, but I daresay I shall in time become sufficiently accustomed to the bauble to keep my mind off it.... Whilst we were walking home up the Avenue, Lydia Loomis hailed us from her motor and took us to drive through the Park. And she did tell us how her chauffeur, when she was waiting in Twentieth Street for Gwen Barbee, had been approached by a stranger who asked him to identify Edwin Booth's statue and had responded, after a short pause, Why, that's old man Gramercy.

May 17th My husband, poor wretch, who has been abstaining from alcohol for something over a week, did confide to me this morning how silly his friends had seemed to him at the club yesterday, and that he believed he must take to the bottle again in order to bear with some of them. Which I encouraged him to do, secretly amused at his subterfuge, concerning which, since it was inevitable, I had entertained some curiosity.... I have now been on my new rations for three days, and my yearning for something green or sour is such that I would gladly part with my seed pearls or my pet manicure scissors in exchange for one dill pickle.

Baird Leonard.

In a Month of Sundays

PEGGY: Our church seats twelve hundred people.

POLLY: When?

The Cascades
Dining
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OPEN JUNE 5th
Continuous music. Bubbling gaiety: sparkling life. Cool, refreshing—on the 19th floor of
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BRAIN & NERVES



Shall the river work— or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.



Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to us. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Books Received

Rain, by John Colton and Clemence Randolph (Boni & Liveright).
Rejuvenation, by George F. Corners (Seltzer).
Dr. Graesler, by Arthur Schnitzler (Seltzer).
Michael's Evil Deeds, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown).
Pictorial Beauty on the Screen, by Victor O. Freeburg (Macmillan).
Children of Loneliness, by Anzia Yezierska (Punk & Wagnalls).
Nicholas Poussin, by Esther Sutro (Medici Society).
Cat o' Mountain, by Arthur O. Friel (Penn Publishing Co.).
I Ride in My Coach, by Hughes Mearns (Penn Publishing Co.).
American Artists, by Royal Cortissoz (Scribner).
The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner).

They all say
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Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Manue Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

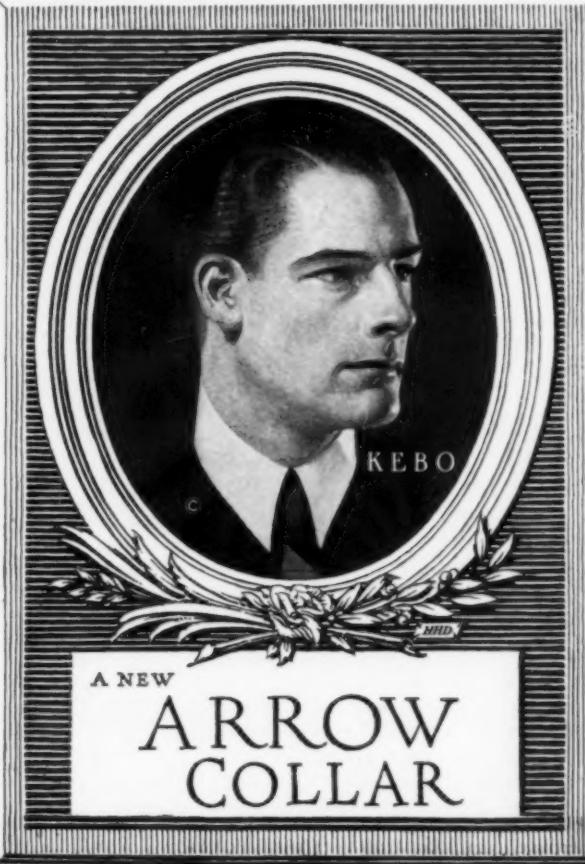
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All "Korrect Shape" Shoes are made to the last under $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton pressure.

Try on a pair and you are immediately impressed with the foot comfort they afford.

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 Makers
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 "ANATOMIC" SHOES
 for men.

Gloucester Last
 Just one of many
 smart styles



O Lord's, How Long!

THE great cricket match played at the historic Lord's Ground—the Gentlemen *vs.* Players, or, as we should say in our quaint fashion, the Amateurs *vs.* Pros—is just over.

That is, I think it is over, but it may flare up again at any moment.

It ran for three days and would have run longer only experience has taught them that that is the maximum of time during which they may expect fair weather.

Play commenced the first day at 12:00; second and third days at 11:30. Luncheon interval at 1:30. Stumps were drawn (English for "the limit of endurance has been reached") at 6:30. "There will probably be a Tea Interval," ran the score card, "at 4:15-4:30, but it will depend on the state of the game." Either way you lose.

As I said, it ran for three years—days I mean. The golden hours drifted by, the sun wheeled round in the heavens, and 18,000 persons sat quietly, occasionally applauding with a ripple of hand-clapping some conspicuously bad piece of fielding or throwing. Sometimes, when a fielder had raced across the sward and stopped a dying roller, a wild enthusiast in the stands would exclaim in purely conversational tones, "Well saved," or, when a good hit was made, "Oh, shot indeed, sir, shot!"

The amount of solid satisfaction the audience got out of bad fielding was touching.

The Tea Interval is over—the players are back again in the field—the game goes on—runs pile up in staggering numbers, and one begins to think of a political landslide. One young gentleman, wearing the light-blue cap of Cambridge, acquired two hundred and six before they got him out. The head-writer of the *Evening News* that day threw reserve to the winds and blazoned the line, "Bright Hitting by the Gentlemen," across his column.

The only trouble with being a good batsman in cricket is that it not only keeps one up late nights, but also

(Continued on next page)

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Back 3 centuries to romance

You leave Montreal. Villages appear—of quaintest Normandy houses, walled enclosures, wayside shrines. Poilus in two-wheeled carts. Curés in flowing robes...Hotels are "pensions". Stores are "maisons". Damsels are dark-eyed. The 20th Century is far away. The 17th is here...Then, an enormous craig jutting into the St. Lawrence. Huddled at its base, clambering up its sides—Old Quebec. Astride its brow, a great towered castle—Chateau Frontenac...Here is where you'll stay, in 20th Century comfort—while dipping into the romance of the land that is still romantic...For best rooms, reserve now. Canadian Pacific, 342 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street, New York, 71 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. Or write Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

Greater CHATEAU FRONTENAC

Prevent tartar. You can, when you brush your teeth and gums often enough the Pro-phy-lac-tic way.



Pro-phy-lac-tic.



MONTAMOWER

The ordinary lawn-mower is heavy and hard to push. MontaMower is light, easy to operate, takes hard work out of cutting the grass.

The New Easy Way to Cut Lawns

MontaMower—a new and entirely **\$18.00** different lawnmower—takes the hard work out of mowing lawns. Light—*Direct* weighs only $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—handles as *from factory* easily as a rake. Cuts lawns perfectly—leaves no wheel marks or ridges—trims close to walls, trees, etc. No hand trimming necessary.

Simple—Durable—Entirely Different

MontaMower is the result of ten years, development—no gears—no long blades to get out of order or break—eight pair of circular, toothed cutters driven by eight wheels shear the grass evenly. MontaMower is built overstrength—made from finest steel—cutters will last from two to four years without replacing or sharpening. Can be easily replaced at very small cost.

Light—Handles as Easily as a Rake

Weights only $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—can be operated by a woman or child without effort—easily carried to and from basement. Practically silent in operation. Thousands of satisfied owners all over the country.



Unlike ordinary mower, MontaMower trims cleanly right up to walls, fences, etc.

"Our MontaMower attracted quite a number of onlookers, and all were interested in the rapid manner in which this mower cut down the thick grass."

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Send check or draft for \$18.00 direct to factory. Guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded. Delivery charges prepaid if remittance accompanies order.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send me one MontaMower by parcel post, prepaid. I enclose \$18.00 in full payment.

Name _____

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O Lord's, How Long!

(Continued from preceding page)

cuts into the summer holidays. As the cricket expert in the *Telegraph* put it, "Only once in about a hundred times is a period of three days (given continuous fine weather) insufficient to finish a first-class match when any real effort is made by the players to finish it."

I've tried not to mention baseball, but it is inevitable. Baseball is like a dashing, noisy, sparkling stream full of sudden surprise. Cricket is like a glacier. It, too, has movement, but it is no cut-up. You can depend upon it. It will be just where you left it yesterday.

A batsman goes out, incredible as it may seem. Slowly he makes his way, bat under arm, to the Pavilion, some two hundred yards away. The other players lie or sit about the field in their flannels. The ex-batsman enters the clubhouse and is seen no more. After a suitable and dignified wait, the player who supplants him appears. Very deliberately he comes strolling down the field, buttoning a glove. Eventually the game takes up again. There is something stupendous in such contempt for time.

I inquire why such waits are tolerated, and am told that anything else would give the impression of being overanxious. In other words, you may wish to win, but you must in no circumstances show it.

I refer this opinion to my guide, counselor and friend, E. V. L., who tells me that such is not the case, and so I am just where I started.

If I were to try to define the game I should say that cricket is like—is like—um—ah—well, that cricket is greatly like *cricket*.

One thing is certain—there can never be a complete understanding between the two countries so long as cricket is the national sport.

So I say to England, in the name of all that is thicker than water, hit upon something else and do away with this fearful barrier. Make it croquet, put-and-take, broad-jumping—anything—but, in the interest of international amity, choose something within the bounds of possibility. R. K.

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! fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the teeth.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste **cleans teeth a new way.** At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really **cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.**

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

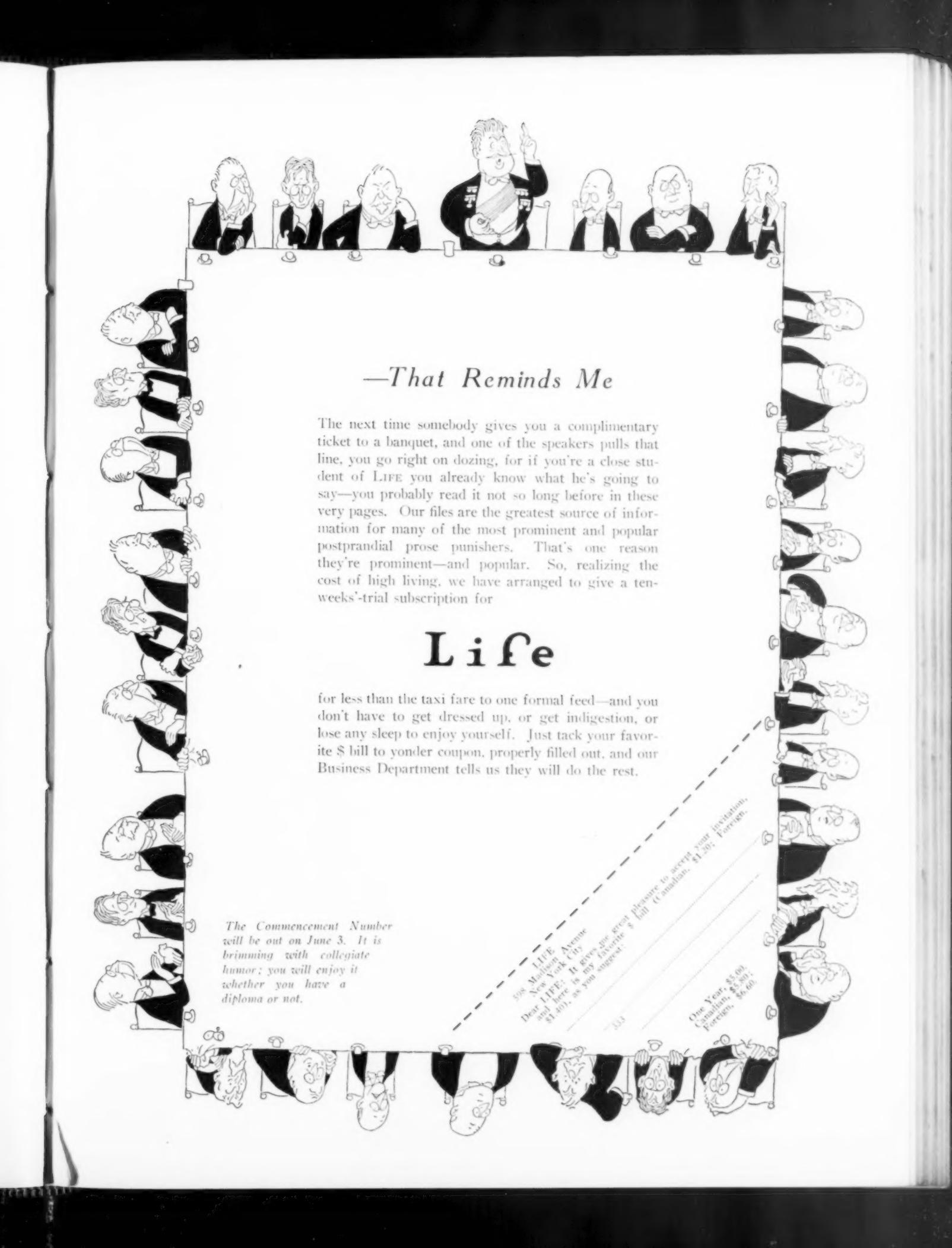
So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice. What are your teeth saying about you today? —LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
Large Tube—25 cents



"Where do they get this stuff about plenty of 'moonshine' at a mountain resort? Been here a week and the only 'mountain dew' I've seen is the stuff that breaks the strings in my racket."

"All depends on how you look at it. I brought this Dayton Steel Racquet with me and the strings have been 'tight' every day since I got here."—Adv.



—That Reminds Me

The next time somebody gives you a complimentary ticket to a banquet, and one of the speakers pulls that line, you go right on dozing, for if you're a close student of LIFE you already know what he's going to say—you probably read it not so long before in these very pages. Our files are the greatest source of information for many of the most prominent and popular postprandial prose punishers. That's one reason they're prominent—and popular. So, realizing the cost of high living, we have arranged to give a ten-weeks' trial subscription for

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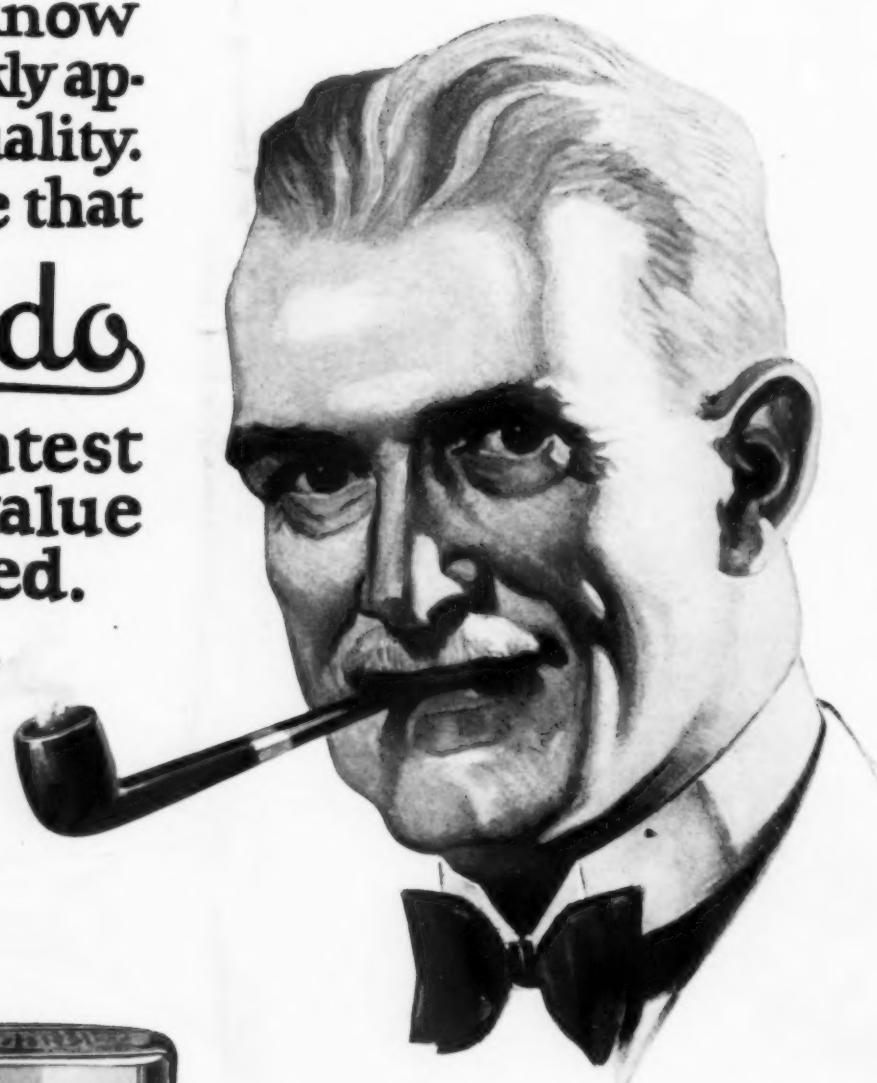
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